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Superstition, Belief and Faith

Part IV. By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Letters from China

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter VI

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1927 NUMBER 8

THE BOLSHEVIKI (1917-1927)

"No one contends that the Bolsheviks are angels. I ask only that men shall look through the fog of libel that surrounds them and see that an ideal for which they are struggling, in the only way in which they can struggle, is among those lights which every man of young and honest heart sees before him somewhere on the road, and not among those other lights from which he resolutely turns away. These men who have made the Soviet government in Russia . . . (have) striven for an ideal which will live beyond them. Even if they fail, they will none the less have written a page of history more daring than any other which I can remember in the story of the human race. They are writing amid showers of mud from all the meaner spirits in their country and in yours and in my own. But, when the thing is over, . . . the mud will vanish like black magic at noon, and that page will be as white as the snows of Russia, and the writing on it as bright as the gold domes that I used to see glittering in the sun when I looked from my window in Petrograd.

"And when in after years men read that page, they will judge your country and mine, your race and mine, by the help or hindrance they gave to the writing of it."

—*Arthur Ransome.*

It was just ten years ago, in the early days of November, that the Bolsheviki overturned the Kerensky Government in Russia and took possession of that disordered and distracted country. This was the third revolution in eight months, but in its essential character the first real revolution that had transpired. The Social Democrats had gotten rid of the Czar in March, 1917, thanks to the disasters of the war, but had taken power only to find neither wisdom nor strength to wield it. Then, by natural process of development, had come Kerensky, who could think of nothing better to do than to whip the exhausted Russian people back into the battle. Meanwhile the real revolutionists, the Bolsheviki, were preparing for their hour, and found it when the Russians revolted against the folly of Kerensky in trying to drive them again into the war against Germany. Then began the revolution in very earnest—and now ten years of it are done. What a decade it has been! The organization of the Soviets, the blockade by the Allies, the invasions of Kolchak, Deniken, Yudenitch, the Polish war, the terror, the famine, the new economic policy, the struggle with the church, Lenin, Trotsky, Tchitcherin, Kalenin, Rykoff, Stalin—what events, what men, what struggles, what horrors, what triumphs! Not since the French Revolution has there been written such a chapter of history. What it all means, the future alone can discover in its full significance for men. Our own conviction is that the Bolshevik revolution is not only the most momentous event of modern times, but also the most beneficent—the largest liberation that has come to humanity since political democracy was born in the death agonies of the Bourbons. But this we cannot prove—it is our opinion merely! Meanwhile, we note as the outstanding fact at the close of this decade the survival of the Bolsheviki as the oldest, strongest, and most stable government in Europe. How many times has the overthrow or collapse of these revolutionists been prophesied? No man has been able to keep track of the number. Indeed, new promises of disaster to the Soviets are appearing daily. Hope will not die in the breasts of exiled dukes and bishops! But the Bolsheviki hold their posts, and will probably do so for decades yet to come.

In hailing the triumphant completion of this first decade of Bolshevik history, we close our eyes to none of the unfortunate accompaniments of Communist rule. The terror, the *cheka,* the suppression of free speech and free press, the arrests and imprisonments and deportations, all that goes along with dictatorship, whether of Bolshevik or Fascist, have filled us and still fill us, with outrage and regret. Indeed, we have done our part in exposing tyranny in Russia, and in pleading for freedom and for justice to its champions. But we have never found revolution to be either a beautiful or easy thing; we have seen no reason why Russia should be expected to escape conditions which have invariably marked the progress of all revolutions since the exodus of Moses; and we have persistently, even obstinately, clung to our faith that out of revolutionary Russia today, as out of revolutionary France yesterday, and out of revolutionary England the day before, would come good outweighing all real or imaginable ill. And as we survey the decade just now finishing, we see facts to justify our faith! Thus, we know today, or ought to know, that the Bolsheviki saved Russia to civilization. Wrecked and ruined by the war, Russia would have relapsed to utter barbarism, had not the iron hand of Lenin saved it from the pit. Secondly, the Bolsheviki saved the revolution. Betrayed by Milukoff and Kerensky, assailed by reactionaries and hostile foreign interests, the revolution was

protected by the Bolsheviki, and by their utter heroism and sacrifice made a permanent factor in the course of human history. Thirdly, the Bolsheviki established and now maintain a workers' government—a new phenomenon in social experience. Lastly, the Bolsheviki have released and kept alive in the world a new idea—that of the workers' right to own, control and govern. As we ponder these gigantic achievements, we recall the words of Chatham anent the Civil War in England, already quoted in these columns—

> There was ambition, there was sedition, there was oppression; but you shall never persuade me that it was not the cause of tyranny on the one side and of freedom on the other.

New York State boasted a woman Secretary of State during the last official term. Moreover, she was elected, not appointed. She conducted a spirited campaign. She declared that her supreme ambition was to make a place for her sex in the higher ranks of the public service. Now her record is being reviewed. It is being made very public, indeed, through the offices of an investigating commission of the State. Enough has already come to light to make her alleged malfeasance of office appear very flagrant indeed. She seems to have practiced a nepotism which puts to shame the sly essays of other public officers with too great fondness for their relatives. She seems to have signed not only her own name very freely to plethoric expense accounts, but to have saved others the trouble of going before the notary, to sign, or even having knowledge that their names were being used to extract sums from the public treasury. She appears to have used her power of hiring and firing to induce her dependents to engage in criminal practices on her behalf. Probably the total of her grafting does not mount to the imposing figures secured by fellow-Republicans more highly placed in governmental offices. She did not have the chance of an Albert B. Fall, for example. But she appears to have utilized such chances as she had. When women were accorded the vote, a swelling hope surged through the country that the purification of politics was at hand. Mrs. Knapp and Ma Ferguson and their like in lesser offices have damped these hopes. It may be that the assumed higher ethical standards of womanhood are only different ethical standards, different because in a different social setting. It has not so far been demonstrated that women in public office resist temptation any more successfully than do men, nor that when they go into politics they prove different kinds of politicians from their fathers and brothers and husbands. The political activities of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Medill McCormick are strikingly reminiscent of other days when trousers figured more and petticoats less in national and state affairs. It will probably be discovered that there is no short-cut to political chastity. The community cannot make its linen immaculate merely by calling in the new washerwoman. A woman will use a particular type of political machine very much as does a man, with only slight variation in manner and substantially no variation in ethics. If we want honest governmental administration we must find honest officers, and devise better political machinery.

Mayor Walker of New York indulged in a bit of slap-stick politics the other day, which is beneath the dignity of the chief executive of a great city, whatever may be said of his personal dignity. At a public hearing where he was presiding, a well-known citizen declared that the municipal administration is honeycombed with graft, or words to that effect. The Mayor showed enormous resentment, and with high declamation in defense of the 118,000 city employees, literally drove the citizen from the room, forbidding him to appear at any subsequent hearing while he is Mayor, except as he comes prepared to prove his charge in one single instance. Readers of the New York papers were doubtless moved to murmur as they read, "Why so hot, little man!" It may be improper to fling off such sweeping charges as did this citizen, however thoroughly convinced of their truth one may be. But the Mayor's heat is pure histrionics, as of course he knows. The challenge to prove a single instance of graft against New York City officials is too cheap to pass, except before an audience of city employees which at the time largely filled the room and roundly applauded. The Mayor is a member of Tammany Hall. Does he not know where Tammany gets its money? He knows, as do other New York citizens, that it gets a lot of it, and that, like certain shifty citizens, it has no "visible means of support." Presumably the Mayor still walks the streets of his own town, or at least rides through them in one of the various automobiles provided from the city budget for official peregrinations. When he sees, as he may in hundreds of places, fruit vendors spreading their merchandise over a third or a half of the sidewalk in front of their shops, department stores and other shippers appropriating the sidewalk for hours during the day with their boxes and crates, open violation of the city ordinances at every turn, does he not know that somebody in official position is collecting money to allow such practices to continue? It is bad enough to graft. It adds a touch of hypocrisy to be virtuous about it.

How many Americans of forty-five and upwards would be proud to own Ruth Elder as a daughter? As this is written she has been pulled out of the water, and a considerable talent for histrionics been fully demonstrated. She has broken a record, and done numerous more or less startling things. She set out to do them. Maybe she will do many more, before we hear the last of her. But it would be interesting to know

what the older generation thinks of her. It became clear what the older generation thought of Lindbergh. If any of the older women did not envy his mother such a son, and the younger parents of middle age did not pray that they might have such a son, they kept very quiet. And few have had cause since to change their minds. Is Ruth Elder different? We think she is—very different! Of course in the end it makes little difference what we oldsters think about it, the youngsters are taking the world over and Ruth Elder enters the lists as the outstanding American Girl of the moment. Is she really and truly this "girl"? We think not—or at least we hope not! Of course she has a certain kind of courage, she is manifestly not the pink tea style of girl, she will never be the retiring clinging vine Victorian woman, but she obviously, to us, lacks that dignity, seriousness, reticence, and high humility which made Lindbergh the idol of old and young the world around. Perhaps we do not know enough about Miss Elder. If so, time will correct our ignorance for the newspapers are doing their utmost to discover and exploit her personality. Perhaps she is seen to disadvantage in the glaring spotlight of publicity. If so we shall see her better, or much worse, as the days go by. What the final verdict will be, nobody can yet say. But we cannot help remembering that, when Lindbergh landed, not in the water but at his appointed goal in Paris, there was not an instant of suspended judgment. We would be fair to Ruth Elder—she has dared what only the most robust physical nature can endure, she has turned athletics to sensational account, not content to throw a ball or swing a racket, or hit a golf ball, or even swim the English Channel, she disdained a tournament or race and plunged into a battle. But—why did she do it, and how did she do it? That is the question! We see as yet no such clear answer as in the case of Lindbergh. This is an oldster's feeling. If we are wrong, let our youngsters and betters tell us so.

A recent issue of *Church Business*—a paper we never heard of before, by the way!—listed the "twelve ablest preachers in the United States" as follows:

S. Parkes Cadman, William E. Barton, Henry Van Dyke, Ernest W. Mandeville, Shailer Mathews, Francis E. Clark, Christian F. Reisner, Bruce Barton, Charles Stelzle, William E. Stidger, Sherwood Eddy, and Frank Crane.

This list is not without its merits, thus, it surpasses the *Christian Century's* list of twenty-five—the best, incidentally, compiled to date!—in the single respect at least of avoiding such depressing inclusions as "Billy" Sunday and Mark Matthews. It has also the positive merit of including such names as Dr. Cadman and Dean Shailer Mathews, men who lend dignity and weight to any list of preachers. But, despite these merits, this list presented by *Church Business* strikes us as being the worst that we have ever seen. Frank Crane's presence forfeits all the credit gained by the absence of "Billy" Sunday. William E. Barton is a charming writer, a gallant Christian gentleman, a most successful and devoted churchman, author of a biography of Lincoln of the first order of importance, but not a great preacher. His son, Bruce Barton, is a first-class publicity man, who has made "best sellers" out of his studies of Jesus and the Bible, but he is no more a preacher than Henry Ford is a scholar. Francis E. Clark wrote an unforgetable chapter of Christian history through a type of leadership of which preaching ability was no small part, but he was retired before this list was compiled, and was dead before it was published. Dr. Reisner is a religious "Go-getter" of inexhaustible enthusiasm and ingenuity, a hustler who can do anything from worshipping God with a saxophone to glorifying him in a modern Broadway skyscraper, but his great congregations are drawn by the surprises of a vaudeville entertainer rather than by the genius of a preacher. Dr. Mandeville and Dr. Stidger are church leaders of local fame and influence, but not preachers of national repute. Sherwood Eddy is a devoted, heroic, far-visioned layman, but a statesman rather than a preacher. Van Dyke and Stelzle may properly be classified with Cadman and Mathews as excellent selections. But where are Fosdick, and Coffin, and Merrill, and Hough, and Aked, and Newton, and Ainslee, and Gilkey, and Fitch, and Brown, and Rabbi Wise, to name only a few? *Church Business's* list rates not higher than 30 per cent. This is not a passing mark!

Superstition, Belief and Faith

IV. Faith

We have now seen that superstition is irrational, passive and social; that belief is rational, passive and individualized. I shall define faith as that force which carries belief into action. It is conviction plus courage. It is the dynamic power which urges us to live our philosophy by putting it to the test of experience.

Faith is not irrational or anti-rational—it belongs to a different category. Faith is not primarily a matter of reason. It springs from something more deeply implanted in human nature, namely, the impulse and urge to action. It must therefore be carefully differentiated from superstition and from belief. It is not merely an acceptance of a dogma, statement or fact; it has to do with our use of what we accept. Faith there-

fore must not be confounded with any process of passivity or mere assent. And again, faith is not a product of the psychological forces emanating from crowds and mass movements, though such factors may enter into its composition. Faith is an individualized act which happens within the lonely reaches of one's own soul.

We may best differentiate and clarify this problem by a series of illustrations.

First, let us take an actual case of superstition as it existed in a revival group in an isolated mountain town among the so-called "poor whites." An ignorant preacher said that if a man would trust enough, and would throw himself entirely upon the mercy of God, then the Lord would take care of him under any or all circumstances. This is an old superstition which has persisted under many forms for thousands of years among nearly all peoples of the world. In this particular instance the preacher declared that if one of his congregation would have such complete trust, he could even let a rattle-snake bite him without being poisoned. That is a clear case of a non-rational acceptance of a theory.

One of his congregation, hearing this statement, went home and rationalized it into belief. He verified it in Scripture, and working from certain premises which most people would reject as wholly wrong, but which were arrived at by a process of reason, he finally believed. But belief in itself is not a guarantee of action. All men have a multitude of beliefs which never came to the test of experience. But the mountaineer did not stop at that point of conviction. *He offered himself for the experiment.* He had faith. He was forthwith stung by the snake, refused aid from a physician, and died. This illustrates the ascent from superstition to belief, and from belief to faith.

Let us take another illustration which shows faith working toward a more beneficent end. The story of Monsieur and Madame Curie is familiar to multitudes and is a perfect example of the relation of belief to the power and place of faith in phases of life not distinctively associated with religion. As will be readily remembered, they conceived the idea that somewhere there must be an element with the character and properties of radium. It was one of the most interesting instances of the success of the deductive reasoning process. They believed that in the table of atomic weight, there was a vacant space which ought to be filled, and so without ever having seen or felt or in any way experienced radium, they believed that it existed. They arrived at this conclusion by an individualized process of reason which defied the scientific conventions of the time, and blazed a new trail into the realm of the unknown. THEY BELIEVED. But more than that, they had faith in their conviction to such an extent that they were willing to risk money, reputation and life if need be, to the finding of radium. Their faith was a creative power which sustained them through the long hours of lonely struggle and disappointment until their search was crowned with triumph.

The same process might be traced in every great event in history, in every supreme creation of art or literature, in every step that has been taken toward progress in social life. Someone or some group of persons shook themselves free from superstition and the clutch of the past, dared to come to new and unpopular convictions, and then went on to the supreme step of putting their belief to the test of experience by faith.

It was faith which led the apostles to endure shipwreck, arena, sword and contumely. It was faith which led the intrepid adventurers to sail around the earth when the masses believed the earth to be flat. It was faith which led immigrants into the new world seeking a new life of the spirit. It was faith which led men of England to free the slave and in Russia to free the serf. It was faith which sustained men like Garrison and Phillips to live for the freeing of the Negro in America. It is faith which inspires men today to sacrifice and suffer for the new order of international good-will which may some day become a reality in the world.

Belief will not move men to build, to dare, to explore, to suffer. Without faith belief remains in the realm of reason; with faith it mounts into the higher realm of life.

Every man when pressed for an answer will admit that he believes in truth rather than lies. But how many of these multitudes dare to have faith in truth at all times, when it seems to hurt themselves or their country or their cause? We know too well that they are few. Every man will admit that he believes in good-will rather than hate, but how many will have faith in good-will to those of other races, classes and creeds when the test of a crisis comes? We know how few. All men everywhere acclaim righteousness as a principle of rational behavior. How many have faith to cling to it in the midst of the pitfalls of personal life and the stress of a competitive industry? We know how tragically great is the number of those who fall by the wayside.

Faith, then, is something of tremendous importance. If the world loses it, it loses its hope of progress and salvation. When Paul announced the doctrine that "we are saved by faith," he trumpeted a great and lasting truth. When Luther rediscovered this truth and rescued it from the rationalizing of the scholastics, he again lighted the beacon of spiritual progress. If today we are again tempted to lose the fact of faith from our personal and social life we are indeed doomed.

This does not mean that we are to turn aside from the life of reason and of science to wallow in a welter of unrestrained emotionalism. Faith is not merely

emotionalism any more than it is merely reason. The function of science and of reason is still precious and vital, for it must present before humanity INTELLIGENT GOALS OF FAITH. It must save us from the tragic end of the ignorant mountaineer who had great courage, but little understanding. It must chart the way of logic amidst the distractions of superstition, fear, hate and evil. Reason must see with a clear eye; emotion must give us the warm heart; faith must give us the dynamic power to move on the road that leads to life, and life more abundant.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

In our October 17th issue, speaking of new military regulations in France (p. 88), we wrote that when officers were insulted, or thought they were insulted, by civilians, they were ordered to arrest such civilians, and (we added) "soldiers were ordered to *assist* their officers in such cases." Unfortunately, our jovial typesetter changed "assist" into "arrest." Perhaps he is a good pacifist, and the wish was father to the thought. We certainly wish it were true, as we were made to say, that "soldiers were ordered to *arrest* their officers in such cases"!

Ocean City, N. J., thanked God in public prayers that, in the recent conflagration, most of the town was spared. If God thus saved most of the town, why didn't he save it all? Was he asleep, like Baal in the ancient tale?

New York City is complaining vigorously that citizens are abandoning their used automobiles in the public streets, and that the business of carting away and disposing of this old junk is getting serious. No doubt! Yet why complain? This is just what everybody does with his old newspapers (see streets and parks any day!); why not with his old automobiles also?

There was a time when one had to rob the corner bank, or kill a cousin, or elope with a neighbor's wife, if one wanted to make the front page. Now all one has to do is to buy an aeroplane, and try to fly across the Atlantic. The newspaper is an easy mark these days. And so is the public!

How many Legionnaires actually went to Paris on the recent "bust," is a question. The loud tooting before the convention named 30,000. This figure went down during the convention to 18,000. Now reports are creeping out that only 4,000 men were in attendance. Not so much of a show, after all!

A "Place Sacco-Vanzetti" has been established at Clinchy, in Paris. Roger Baldwin was one of the speakers at the inauguration of this public square in memory of the Massachusetts martyrs. (Boston papers please copy!)

J. H. H.

Letters from China

Polite Farewells

We never seem to know half a day ahead what we will do on this trip. Having received a "European" house with screens and running water, I assumed we were settled for two or three days while awaiting our auto-trucks and the rest of the party from Hankow. Borodin was ill with a slight fever; and four years of hard work in the Chinese tropics have worn him and he needs a long rest rather than this arduous trip. He remained in the house all day, lying down or playing chess with a succession of partners; the request of Marshall Feng for a visit was postponed till tomorrow. The Marshall sent down his own doctor, since ours is not yet here from Hankow.

Everything looked settled for some days when at six in the evening I went up town to get my suit from the tailors. Half an hour later I returned to be met with the information: "Pack up; we are going tonight." I found, in fact, that the cook had already packed my things and it took me some time to find all of them; my soap dish I never found, as he evidently threw it away as a discarded box. An hour later we were all on the train, awaiting the arrival of Borodin, who had gone, after all, for a final talk with Marshall Feng.

Rumors flew around among us as to the reason for this sudden change of plan. "Borodin got bored" was all that General Saifoolin offered us, but we hardly credited such an attack of nerves to a high adviser even if ill with fever. Others intimated that perhaps Feng was trying to get rid of us. The reason given me later by Borodin throws an interesting light on Chinese politeness. Feng, he said, wanted to leave for the north for military reasons. But as long as we were in town, politeness forbade him to go, lest it be taken as a discourtesy to High Adviser Borodin. A little intimation of this military difficulty being made to us, we promptly cleared out on our journey. Such are the amenities of warfare in China, . . . again reminding one of the courtesies of chivalry in the Middle Ages of Europe.

Marshall Feng and General Sun came down to the station to see us off. They sent first a large detachment of soldiers, all drawn up in formation, and a military band. Two banners proudly floated above the

soldiers, one of them being a gorgeous red satin affair presented by Marshall Feng to the "Iron Army" on the taking of Chengchow. There seem to be "Iron Armies" in every section of China now. The original Iron Army was the Fourth Army of Cantonese which drove ever northwards across five provinces, losing thousands by death and adding thousands by recruiting till it broke the front of Chang Tso Lin and opened the way for Feng to enter Chengchow. But now Feng has his own "Iron Army," and so has Chiang Kai Shek, and it is said even the most notorious bandit-general Chang Tsung Chang, has an iron army of his own.

Marshall Feng and General Sun came into our car for farewell speeches. We sat in a circle in the large open space of the private car; a few candles stuck on the seat-arms, guttering in the rising breeze through the windows, gave the only light. Feng wished us all a pleasant journey; he then especially seconded the demand of his subordinate General Sun and asked if General Saifoolin (Russian adviser in Sun's army) could not remain behind. Saifoolin, who for personal or political reasons, or both, has decided to go back with Borodin, evaded politely, saying that he had fought for a long time with Marshall Feng's army, and now that there is a sort of intermission, he wants to see his family. He will return, he says in a very few months.

It was a bit odd, when all the world considers Feng engaged in the last decisive drive on Peking, to hear Saifoolin allude to this "intermission." But from the general atmosphere in Hankow and Chengchow, as well as from the news in Shantung, I don't think Peking is among the possibilities of the near future.

At last Marshall Feng had finished his leave-taking, presented me with the arm-band for which I had asked, and withdrew from the train. The military band struck up, making a fine noise, but, as an irreverent member of our party remarked, "they gave us such music to make sure that we would never come to Chengchow again." The flares of electric flash-lights, (one of the American innovations gratefully adopted by the Chinese officers as well as ourselves) fell from our windows and from Feng's party, illuminating the erect blades of the ferocious looking broad-swords, and the youthfully serious faces of Feng's best soldiers, under their girlish straw hats with blue bands. So we passed from Chengchow with a whistle of trains and a blare of bands, accompanied by a new guard of honor which was to last till we reached the borders of Shensi, there to be replaced by another.

To put the military situation most crassly and un-idealistically, it is about this. The military force of General Tang, who dominates the civil government of Hankow at present, is intent on a drive down river against Nanking, against his former rival General Chiang Kai Shek, head of the Nanking government. In this process he is anxious to use up, and perhaps to kill off, the fine "Iron Armies" of Canton which formed the spear-head of the northern drive. General Tang doesn't like these armies, though they are under his command; they are "too Bolshevik" for him, which means that they have ideals other than military rule. He wouldn't mind killing them off in a fight against their former leader Chiang Kai Shek, leaving him the sole chief general of Central China. And that's that, in the valley of the Yangtze.

Feng, on the other hand, cannot now take Peking unaided, since to right and left he is flanked by other big generals, Yet of Shansi and Chiang of Hanking, alleged allies, but potential enemies and rivals. He therefore evidently intends to entrench himself in Honan, a good rich province, well located strategically. His many undisciplined allies, absorbed in the process of victory, and a constant problem to him because of their excesses, will probably be sent over into Shantung where their ravages will not reflect discredit on Feng.

That's the cynical low-down on the military situation. There are other aspects, of course, within the nationalist movement. But it's as well to remember that generals remain generals. When I remarked to Borodin that General Sun, seemed a good sort, he answered: "He's young; they are all good when they are young."

At General Sun's Banquet

An interesting interlude is formed by the relations between General Sun, commander of the front towards Peking, and his Russian adviser Saifoolin. We saw them together on the afternoon of a banquet given to us all by Sun at his headquarters. On this occasion Borodin felt ill and left the table to go home to bed. I felt sorry for General Sun, a naive soul whose disappointment at seeing his chief guest evaporate before conversation had properly begun, was evident on his face. So I thought to cheer him by asking him to recount how it was that he managed to relieve the siege of Sain-fu, driving away with only 14,000 men a superior army of 70,000. It is this for which Sun is especially renowned.

There followed interminable military detail of this and that movement of troops against generals whose names I cannot begin to remember. General Sun is a military man pure and simple, without an idea of politics. Not for him the cheerful generalizations about morale in "fighting for a cause." He gave positions of roads and rivers, and moves at night, and one especially amusing moment when the orders to retreat, given by his enemy, were delivered to Sun himself in a post he had recently captured. "So I knew in advance just where he was going, and was able to join him according to his orders" chuckled Sun.

He told of attacks during which "many of the enemy deserted to me," and later he related sending this same enemy, now become his own men, to attack their former comrades in Sian-Fu from the rear. He told of a subordinate general in the enemy's army, who seized the chance of his master's retreat to enrich himself with arms and troops and turn "big general" on his own account.

The crowning incongruity comes when the defeated enemy general Liu, himself comes over to Feng's army as a subordinate, "and I think his adherence to Feng is now sincere" says Sun, "because he has no other place he can go." Sun said this quite without irony, adding that Feng and Liu were old acquaintances anyway, since six years ago they both held commanding posts in the same province.

These bewildering changes, again so reminiscent of the feudal wars of Europe, are capped by the interchange of amenities when Sun and Liu, a few months after their mutual battles, met in Chengchow, now both under Feng's command. "When I retreated" said Liu, "I send you an order. Did you get it?" alluding to

the order which Sun intercepted and by which he was able to change the retreat to a rout.

Sun answered: "When I knew you planned to leave Shensi, I sent some of my men to accompany you, to take you clear through to Chengchow to your old friend Marshall Feng." Alluding to the pursuit of the retreating armies. "It was kind of you to escort me to Chengchow" retorted the imperturbable Liu, "but why did you send all my soldiers away to the mountains? It will be some time before we can gather them again."

"Chinese fighting" said General Sun in telling this tale, "is not real fighting, only anecdotes." I asked, "Is your fight on Peking also an anecdote?" "Approximately" he said, "after every fight, relations are closer." Of such is the material of Chinese armies.

Sun's banquet was not quite so severely simple as Marshall Feng's had been. While we ate course after course of "foreign food," retainers walked behind our chairs fanning us. Later, after Borodin had left, we adjourned to the open court, a stretch of bare dirt where we hoped for a little breeze. Most informally General Sun and his Russian adviser General Saifoolin, embraced and manhandled each other in a playful effort to see which should take the first vacant chair brought out. They were like college boys in a festivity after a football match. Sun took off his uniform coat in the heat and sat in a thin white shirt, sticking to his skin with sweat and flapping open occasionally. It was clear we were here on no dress occasion.

During dinner Sun almost wept over Saifoolin's departure, fearing that he would not return. He related a Chinese saying about "how the soldier lives." "Like a god, like a tiger, like a dog." "After victory, when we sit here in Chengchow with a good banquet, it is like a god. During battle, it is like a tiger. But on the long marches, in the heat and the cold, and the mud and the thirst, it is like a dog. This dog's life Saifoolin shared with me," he added.

Saifoolin replied with many compliments to the endurance of the Chinese soldiers, who went barefoot through the freezing mud, or in the icy rain and still kept on. "No other nation keeps on through such suffering," he said.

"But we were forced to such suffering," answered Sun, "while you came of your own will to suffer with us."

"We Russians came to China because," . . . began Saifoolin with feeling. . . . The other Russians interrupted him. "Now, now," said Borodin, (it occurred before he left); it was a warning against undue effusion. . . . But Saifoolin brushed them aside, and went on: "We Russians came to China because we want all people to be brothers, and when we all have got rid of the oppressors, then no one need suffer any more." . . . The situation was saved; it was a formula that suited everybody.

Saifoolin goes with us at Borodin's request, because he has traversed all the route with the army and knows all the commanders and even the county magistrates en route. He also expressed regrets at leaving Sun. I asked him later how sincere all these various regrets had been.

Quite sincere (he said). I like General Sun very much and he likes me. He appreciates Russian advisers very much; he said in my presence to Feng that without them we would have got nowhere. Sometimes he has said to me laughing: "Please fix up for us the way to beat the enemy; I have a lot of dignitaries to see and be polite to." . . . He is a cheerful soul and I enjoy working with him. . . . But whether I come back or not—that depends of course on the whole future political relations, involving others than myself. Personally, I want to come back and work with Sun.

Cliff Dwellers of Honan

This morning at a railway station we bought eggs for half a cent apiece from two women with bound feet, blue cotton trousers and long dirty tunics. We are told they will be still cheaper beyond the railroad. Till recently in China a copper coin was real money, and two cents (gold) would buy one of the firm straw hats worn by Feng's soldiers. (This relative value of metal and farm products is also reminiscent of the Middle Ages.)

We are always waiting at stations. Less than one hundred miles to go, but it took us twenty hours! The waits were for coal. Through some inefficiency, we seem to have passed the station which had plenty of coal, without replenishing. We then arrived at a small station near an arsenal and our coal gave out. The train authorities tried to borrow from the arsenal which seems to have been used to such occurrences and was very unanxious to "lend" us coal, as I myself should have been in their place.

In our frequent stops we became acquainted with the cliff dwellers in Honan, and learned that whole areas of China are thus inhabited. I do not know whether archaeologists have studied them but they are worth it. Over a wide stretch of fertile fields one sees hardly any houses. The people are living in caves dug into the sides of the solid cliffs.

We inspected at some length a single-family house of this kind in a ravine which crossed the railroad. A little path led down the cliff to a ledge some twenty feet square, raised perhaps fifteen feet above the floor of the ravine. On this ledge a man, wife and two children were eating their breakfast, cooked in the open air on a stove of baked clay, and eaten from a table also made of the hard earth. From time to time the woman rose and went through a dark opening into the cliff-side where was evidently the family granary. Another larger opening with a formal arch led into a larger cave which constituted the house. Some twenty feet back from this door, in the side of the cliff, we saw a square opening with iron grating, evidently a window furnishing light to the dwelling.

Other cliff dwellings were much more formal, housing twenty or thirty families together, each with its door opening from a common ledge, with a common stairway leading to the ground below. An arch with some pretensions to paint and architecture marked the main entrance to such a cluster of dwellings, and led to a court at the base of the cliff from which all stairways rose and into which opened directly many doors of granaries. Some of our Chinese who entered these houses said they were delightfully cool. I did not enter, having no interpreter who understood the local dialects, and finding the glances cast at me no more friendly than mine would be if a strange Chinese should invade my own home. But I took many photographs, to which no one objected.

For an hour or more we passed by such dwellings, set in a landscape much like that of Arizona or Southern California, brown cliffs touched with many ridges of green. Here also are two crops; the wheat has been removed and now corn and potatoes are flourishing. The carved cliffs, made into dwellings, fortresses, granaries, were fantastically picturesque. Here and there the base of the cliffs would be expanded by houses

of sun-baked bricks made of the same firm earth. Here and there they were varied by family graveyards, large pillars with curved roofs pagoda fashion, sometimes surrounded by many dwellings. How will they be incorporated into a Republic of China? I understand there are large sections of Shensi where people live thus.

Meets an Oberlin Classmate

We came into Loyang and were met again by generals, and by Dr. H. H. Kung, classmate of mine in Oberlin, and now Minister of Industry for the Nationalist Government. He has been trying to reconcile Chiang Kai Shek, Hankow, and Feng, a thankless task. Last night Dr. Kung and Borodin and I had dinner together, and I learned many tales of Hankow politics.

I learned chiefly that, contrary to common rumor, Borodin has been an influence for moderation in Hankow. "I even thought you too moderate," said Dr. Kung. "You remember that time when I advocated division of profits, you opposed me. . . . You remember when Sun Fo would cry: 'Then kill the gentry,' and Hsu Chen asked for a practical confiscation of the profits of industry."

Yes (said Borodin), often and often when on the same platform with Hsu Chen I have warned him: "Comrade, for heaven's sake don't be so radical." I remember when I talked to a meeting of Hankow merchants and told them all profits must be divided among the employees. Any European Chamber of Commerce would have howled him down, but the Chinese are more receptive to new ideas. They think this may have worked somewhere and they want to know about it. Noting their attention, he got wilder and wilder—so after he finished I said just the opposite (without directly contradicting him), claiming that China needs industrialization as quickly as possible, and not the dividing up of the profits of the petty bourgeoisie which only leads backward. When I got to Hankow I found most of the merchants had fled from the revolution. I did my best to get them back.

In explaining, he added:

An action which is subjectively revolutionary may be objectively reactionary and vice versa. To shout "Kill gentry" is subjectively revolutionary and gives one a fine feeling of being a revolutionist. But in practice it leads direct to reaction, the military reaction we are suffering from now. On the other hand, to advocate industrialization seems subjectively very conservative. But industrialization of China is a tremendous revolutionary step, breaking down the remnants of feudalism and preparing the way for a modern working class and a modern social system.

The fact is that those like Hsu Chen and Sun Fo who shouted loudest are now as silent as the graves of their ancestors, while I am still a revolutionist. Any general who comes to me shouting "World Revolution"—be sure all he wants is rifles. Send him off at once to jail.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Loyang, August, 1927.

A Visit to the Homes of Sacco and Vanzetti

It was on one of my visits to the Dedham Jail towards the end of May that I told Sacco and Vanzetti of my coming trip to Europe. I remember now how their eyes sparkled as they asked me, was I going to Italy and might I perhaps see their families? I had not thought of it up to that moment, but when I saw what it would mean to them, I said: "Yes, I will go if I possibly can."

My last visit to the Jail was about the middle of June, a few days before sailing. Rosina, Sacco's gallant little wife, and I, sat for a couple of hours talking with the two men in the large, pleasant reception hall where the sunshine poured in. The prisoners were in fine spirits, as they had just come in from a game of Italian ball and the exercise had done them good. I had bought a map of Italy large enough to show their home towns, and together we pored over it and planned the best route for me to follow, the men's faces lighting up as they described the beautiful vineyards and rare loveliness of their native land.

Before sailing, I received letters from both Sacco and Vanzetti, two addressed to their families and written in Italian, the others filled with directions for me. Vanzetti wrote with characteristic thoughtfulness: "Now when you will rich my native home—just think to be at your own. You will be tired by the long trip and that is a good place for rest and restor. . . . My sisters will be happy to have you there. They love all who help us and are proud of them. . . . I am not too optimist in the case outcome—and I see the possibility to be unable to see you and greet you on your return home." Sacco closed his letter with these words: "Well again, if you should go to visit my father, give him my affectionate greetings and kiss for me all mine little nephews for I have many of them, and tell them that I love them as much I do love mine own child."

On August 13, two days after the prisoners had been granted their last respite of twelve days, I left England accompanied by Mrs. S. K. Ratcliffe, whose companionship and knowledge of Italian proved invaluable. We went direct to Turin and set off at noon on the 15th for Villafalleto, Vanzetti's home town, which is a three-hour train-ride. When we alighted at the little station some distance from the village, we found a small public conveyance into which we climbed, after being assured that it would carry us to the home of Signor Vanzetti. A young woman kindly took us in charge, filled with interest and curiosity when we announced our destination, and told us when to alight.

It was my first glimpse of a little Italian village, and I shall never forget the broad, cobbled street, the whiteness of the houses and the glimpse of mountains in the distance. We were not expected on that day, but Signorina Vanzetti came to the door to greet us, her face strained and worn with suffering, and we were soon seated in a small room which impressed us both with its simplicity and dignity. I gave the Signorina her brother's letter, and in the meantime news of our arrival had spread and an interpreter had been sent for. He proved to be a most charming boy named Pietro, who had spent seven years in an English school and was deeply interested in the case. Through Pietro we were able to carry on quite a successful conversation, though it was heart-breaking not to be able to reply in the affirmative to the only question asked by the Signorina: had I any hope? Soon the father came in, a short, elderly man with a heavily-lined face—evidently a small wine merchant.

It would take too long to go into the details of our

visit and our walk through the sun-baked garden and through the town to the home of Pietro, who lives in a lovely old chateau recently bought by his father. On our way Pietro pointed out the house of Count Falleto, the great man of the village, saying that he had interceded for Vanzetti at the time of his arrest seven years before and had done all he could for him ever since. But what impressed us most of all was the interest and sympathy of the townspeople and the culture and refinement of the whole Vanzetti family. A charming young cousin and aunt accompanied us on our walk and afterwards to the station, only stopping with us at the Vanzetti house to bid them farewell. The poor Signorina broke down entirely and could only murmur: "Molte grazie, molte grazie," as she grasped me by both hands, the tears running down her cheeks. It was a sad leave-taking.

Our trip to Torremaggiore, the home of Sacco, necessitated our taking a seven o'clock train the next morning. We had been careful not to mention our errand at our Turin hotel, as we were in some doubt as to the Italian Government's attitude towards the case. But as I went to pay our bill, to my surprise the manager said: "Well, how did you find them yesterday? Have they any hope?" When I asked him how he knew where we had been, he said: "We found out yesterday. We think it very *gentille* in you to be worrying about them." When he also came to the steps of the hotel and bade us farewell and God-speed, we left with a warm feeling of reassurance which we had not known before.

The journey to Torremaggiore took twenty-four hours, as we had to go across country to Bologna and down the Adriatic coast. I confess to some qualms as we travelled south through the suffocating heat, some doubts as to whether what we could accomplish by our mission was worth the long, hard trip. But the thought of the men in the death house at Charlestown, and the hope that our visit might bring a faint ray of comfort both to them and their stricken families, spurred us on.

We had announced our arrival by letter to Signor Sacco, so "Nick's" brother and a Signor Cardiero, a member of the San Carlo Opera Company, who speaks English, were at the San Serero station to meet us. After a cup of coffee in the waiting-room, we all climbed into a little *carosse,* and were driven through the town; a most interesting experience to us, the market just opening and women milking goats in the street. We were met by a "Fiat" automobile owned by Sacco's father, and driven by two of his nephews, and were transferred, bag and baggage, and driven at breakneck speed along the white, dustry road to Torremaggiore, four miles distant, fig and olive trees growing on either side. Arriving, we dismounted at the Sacco house, and were escorted into a large room. Here, one by one, members and intimate friends of the family gathered, the women—Sacco's sister and sisters-in-law—kissing us on both cheeks in greeting, the men by silent handshakes, all evidently moved by our coming and showing on their faces the strain of sorrow and suspense under which they were living. We were seated in a constantly growing circle before the open door outside which a shifting crowd of women and children stood peering eagerly in. Soon Signor Sacco appeared, a slight, elderly man whom we liked at once, an ex-mayor of the town, and evidently one of its most respected and prosperous citizens. The letter which we brought from "Nick" was the last that had been received by the family, and it was read with silent emotion.

Soon word was brought that the Mayor desired an audience with us, so we were escorted to the Town Hall, where we met a cordial reception and were invited into his private room. Together with the town's legal representative, we discussed the case for upwards of an hour, the Mayor showing a keen interest in every detail. It was then that we gained our clearest realization of the deep feeling in the community in regard to the case, the implicit faith in Sacco's innocence felt by Fascists and non-Fascists alike. We were told that the event of the day was the arrival of the afternoon papers, when everyone in the town gathered to read the latest news from America.

Finally the time arrived when we must leave to catch our train for Rome. As we passed down the stairs to the street an amazing sight met our eyes, for it looked as though the whole town of Torremaggiore had gathered to see us go. Amid a sea of faces in which sorrow and compassion outweighed curiosity, we walked to our automobile, an aisle opening up before us as we passed through. The motor started, and to the sound of a loud clapping of hands, we drove down the street, only stopping to bid a last farewell to the Sacco family.

As our train sped towards Rome, our dominating feeling was of thankfulness that we had gone, and pity for those we were leaving behind. Within a few hours a cablegram was on its way to Boston telling of our visits, and it is our hope that the news was given to the doomed men and that it may have brought to them a little cheer.

*Gertrude L. Winslow.**

*Mrs. Winslow, of Boston, is one of those who long befriended Sacco and Vanzetti.

The New Day

Let us open our hearts to the glories of life;
To its love and its laughter and light;
Let us banish the phantoms of hatred and strife,
And the fears that were born of the night.
Let the morning's new light bring new hopes and new cheer
For the work that we find at our side;
And let nobler ambitions our spirits hold dear,
Untainted by baseness or pride.

The springtime has gone, but new springtimes will come
With blossom and promise and song;
New harvests more plenteous will gladden our home;
And the years bring us friendships more strong.
So away with life's cares and away with life's fears!
Let us greet the new day with a song;
And welcome the love that shall dry all our tears,—
The love that shall banish all wrong.

ERNEST M. WHITESMITH.

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART IV—CHAPTER VI

A Sacrifice to Vegetarianism

As the ideals of sacrifice and simplicity were becoming more and more realized, and the religious consciousness was becoming more and more quickened in my daily life, the passion for vegetarianism as a mission went on increasing. I have known only one way of carrying on missionary work, viz., by personal example and discussion with searchers for knowledge.

There was in Johannesburg a vegetarian restaurant conducted by a German who believed in Kuhne's hydropathic treatment. I began visiting the restaurant myself and helped it by taking English friends there. But I saw that it would not last for any length of time as it was always in financial difficulties. I helped it as much as I thought it deserved, and spent some money on it, but it had ultimately to be closed down.

Most theosophists are vegetarians more or less, and an enterprising lady belonging to the Society now came upon the scene with a vegetarian restaurant on a grand scale. She was fond of art, was extravagant and knew little of accounts. Her circle of friends was fairly large. She had started in a small way, but later she decided to extend the venture by taking large rooms, and she asked me for help. I knew nothing of her finances when she thus approached me, but I took it that her estimate must be fairly accurate. And I was in a position to accommodate her. My clients used to keep large sums as deposits with me. Having received the consent of one of these clients, I lent about a thousand pounds from the amount to his credit. This client was most large-hearted and trusting. He had originally come to South Africa as an indentured laborer. He said: "Give away the money, if you like. I know nothing in these matters. I only know you." His name was Badari. He afterwards took a prominent part in Satyagraha, and suffered imprisonment as well. So I advanced the loan assuming that this consent was enough.

In two or three months' time I came to know that the amount would not be recovered. I could ill-afford to sustain such a loss. There were many other purposes to which I could have applied this amount. The loan was never repaid. But how could trusting Badari be put to any loss? He had known me only. I made good the loss.

A client friend to whom I had spoken about this transaction had sweetly chid me for my folly.

"Bhai,"—I had fortunately not yet become "Mahatma," nor even "Bapu" (father); friends used to call me by the loving name of "Bhai" (brother),—said he, "this was not for you to do. We depend upon you in so many things. You are not going to get back this amount. I know you will never allow Badari to come to grief, for you will pay him out of your pocket, but if you go on helping your reform schemes by operating on your clients' money, the poor fellows will be ruined, and you will soon become a beggar. But you are our trustee, and you must know that if you become a beggar, all our public work will come to a stop."

The friend, I am thankful to say, is still alive. I have not yet come across, in South Africa or anywhere else, a purer man than he. I have known him to apologize to people and to cleanse himself, when, having happened to suspect them, he had found his suspicion to be unfounded.

And I saw that he had rightly warned me. For though I made good Badari's loss, I should not have been able to find another thousand pounds for any similar loss and should have been driven to incur debt,—a thing I have never done in my life and have always abhorred. I realized that even a man's reforming zeal ought not to make him exceed his limits. I also saw that in thus lending trust-money I had disobeyed the cardinal teaching of the Gita, viz., the duty of a man of equipoise to act without desire for the fruit. The error became for me a beaconlight of warning.

The sacrifice offered on the altar of vegetarianism was thus neither intentional nor expected. It was a virtue of necessity. M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Woman in the Market Place

I

In the world's market-place her being quails,
Her native joyousness she strives to hide,
And, to subdue her nature's inmost tide,
The tender love-light in her eyes she veils.
For well she knows her gift—which most avails—
Must not be sold, let whatsoe'er betide,
Though she may lose it, and all else beside,
If in her dismal masquerade she fails.

If once, disdaining subterfuge, she shows
What marvels lie within her waiting heart;
If on her cheek the color comes and goes,
A witness to the peace she would impart,
She will be robbed and tortured with worse woes
Than if she acted to the end a part.

II

Thus is it that, upon the common road,
A queen,—she walks a beggar without grace
To help the hapless children of the race;
A niggard fear her heart's most constant goad,
Lest her bright treasure, torn from its abode,
Be mocked and bandied in the market-place:
Rather she wills its radiance to efface
In her own aching breast, a burning load.

So, in the ancient times, a proscribed Jew
His wealth to hide would live in filthy ways;
So would great dreamers shield from public view
The children of their brain, in barren days,
And pass as simple, lest their vision true,
Should give them to the faggot's raging blaze.

BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN.

The Study Table

On a Variety of Subjects

A classic in its field is Brillat-Savarin's "The Physiology of Taste, or Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy." There is no end of editions. It is now one hundred and two years old, but new translations, with new introductions and new appendices, will continue to appear, and they *should* appear as long as there remains any man of taste—delicate, refined, gastronomic taste—who has not read it. It is a delightful piece of writing and appeals to the man of literary taste, as well as to the good eater. This time[1] it is a worthy edition—on fine paper, well printed, well bound, with an appealing portrait of the author. In a preliminary note the publishers claim that it is the first of English editions to appear without curtailment or alteration, "the first attempt made to offer to English readers this book as it was written." This alone would make the book worth while, for Brillat-Savarin wrote the book in his own way, to suit himself. And, one who really cares to know it wants it as it left his hands, with all its whimsicalities of material and presentation. Where else do we find such a book? Aphorisms, dialogue between the author and a friend, biography, preface, meditations (thirty in number, covering a wide range but all properly enough included in transcendental gastronomy), varieties (twenty-seven of them —anecdotal and suited to follow a perfect meal) and an envoi addressed to the gastronomers of both worlds! Many a brilliant writer has written an "introduction" for the Physiology of Taste. This time it is Frank Crowinshield who essays the task and writes a foreword to precede Charles Morselet's preface of 1879. He does rather well. That he was in a fairly proper frame of mind may be shown by a quotation:

> The coolness of claret, the smell of oranges in the dusk, the fragrance of chocolate, the taste of Devonshire cream or of Hollandaise sauce are lingered over and delicately savoured in proportion as a person is a poet or a musician or a true appreciator of art.

For Brillat-Savarin not only cooking, but eating, was a fine art. We shall make no quotations from the "Meditations," but will cite some of the "aphorisms": "Animals feed, man eats; wise men alone know how to eat." "The dyspeptic man and the drunkard are incapable of either eating or drinking." "To wait too long for a late guest denotes a lack of consideration to all those who are present." The man who coins such "aphorisms" is worth a hearing when he voices "meditations" or presents "varieties."

It is rarely just to the writer or kind to the reader to publish a man's unfinished writing after his death. This is what has been done in the case of Vidal de la Blache's "Principles of Human Geography.[2] Only the independence of thought and the originality and charm of presentation have warranted the doing of it in this instance. Fortunately there has been no attempt to complete the work; it is given to us as Vidal de la Blache left it. The author was a great student and a great teacher. "Most of the leading French geographers of the present time were his pupils. He trained a generation. His voluminous writings are the *vade mecum* of geographers, yet not useful to them alone.

> Historians, economists, anthropologists geologists also find their thinking illuminated by his point of view toward the interaction of man and his environment.

His point of view was emphatically that of ecology. Man is a part of the world in which he lives. He is a species of the world fauna. He acts on the physical globe, he influences the flora, he affects the fauna, but, in turn, he is acted on by the physical environment, he is influenced by the flora, he is affected by the fauna. The matter of the book is presented in three *parts*—distribution of population, elements of civilization, transportation and circulation. These are perhaps developed as fully as the author intended; perhaps they are not in the sequence or combination that he would have given. These fairly well developed *parts* are followed by *fragments* — sketches of work begun and presentation of ideas to be developed. That Vidal de la Blache could give life and charm to such apparently dry subjects as *population distribution, tools and raw materials,* and *railways,* shows his quality as a teacher. The book is illustrated with a half dozen map-chart-diagrams of instructive character. Three of them emphatically show the author's mode of approach—presenting environments, regions of independent cultural development; materials from the animal kingdom, materials from the vegetable kingdom and development of dwelling types.

We have had novels depicting prehistoric life and the cave man before, although the publishers of "Bison in Clay"[3] claim that it "invades a new field of fiction." Stanley Waterloo's "Story of Ab" and Jack London's "Before Adam" were both well received and were interesting attempts to reconstruct the human life of the distant past. But there *is* a profound difference between those books and the one now before us. Stanley Waterloo and Jack London seized upon a subject that was for the moment more or less popular; they prepared to write upon it by diligent reading, museum visiting, conversation with experts. Then they wrote and were ready to take up whatever sensation might next present itself. Archeology in itself meant nothing to them. They set themselves an assignment and discharged it. Max Begouën has not "crammed" to write a story. He is actually an archeologist. He is steeped in cave exploration. He has seen the bison in clay, in the mysterious cavern passage where for thousands of years no human eye had looked upon it. He and his have made actual and startling original contributions to knowledge. He has written because the bison of clay fills his life, because he can not help writing. There is a difference. The book is especially welcome because it is based upon the latest explanations of cave art. There was a time when this was looked upon as fundamentally aesthetic, as the result of a pleasant indulgence of the pastime impulse. Today we believe that the chief reason for the production of the paintings on the cave walls, the scratched outlines on bone and ivory, the carvings of antler, the modelling of clay, was magic. It was to gain success in hunting that the cave man spent so much time in making his animal

1. The Physiology of Taste, or Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy. Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin. New York: 1016. Boni and Liveright. 8°. pp. liii. 361.

2. Principles of Human Geography. P. Vidal de la Blache. New York: 1926. Henry Holt & Co. 8° pp. xv. 511.

3. Bison of Clay. Max Begouën. New York: 1926. Longmans, Green and Co. 16° pp. x. 252.

representations. This Max Begouën brings out sharply. It gives a reality, a power and force, to the "Bison of Clay" that were lacking in the "Story of Ab" and "Before Adam." After all the spiritual is the larger part of human life; it was so in the past, is so in the present, will be so in the future. The "Bison of Clay" gives us the spiritual side of cave man's life which we know today almost as clearly as we know it in the lower cultures of today.

An unusual book is Horace M. Kallen's "Why Religion?"[4] It is called out by the present state of the Church. It begins with the words:

> Once more the defenders of the faith stand at Armageddon, battling for the Lord. The affairs of the churches, churchmen declare, are at a crisis. Religion stands at the parting of the ways. There is a way of life and there is a way of death, and the battle is joined over which is which. The way of life Modernists cry, is the new way of science and social service; religion, taking any other way must die. The way of life, Fundamentalists shout, is the old way of the creeds and personal conversion; religion, taking any other way, gives up the ghost.

Kallen claims that the condition is perennial.

> The whole history of religious institutions is a history of crisis. There never was a time since churches were established when those churches were not fighting against all kinds of inward heresies and outward opposition.

His book is chiefly devoted to outlining the origin and meaning of religion. A disciple of William James, he investigates the anatomy of religious behavior, analyzes the religious experience, shows how religion becomes identified with belief. He studies the result of religious belief. He examines the cases and phenomena of primitive religion, "before the gods were made" and traces the making of gods. Looking into godless religions, he finds that they are, after all, in essence the same as those with one, or those with many gods. He makes a study of churches and of their creeds and priests. He sees no sign that religions must pass, nor likelihood that it will pass. The same needs exist that have always existed; they will meet satisfaction in ways not essentially different. There may be variation in form, with changing conditions.

> Religion, a device for the manipulation of supernatural causes for human ends, becomes religious philosophy, an interpretation of nature in supernatural terms, for human ends. . . . Religion is still a technique of salvation—but as a philosophy of life, and death, not as a manipulation of the courses of nature.

Kallen ends his discussion by stating the ultimate question, negatively and positively:

> The ultimate question, then, is not one in the survival of religions. Men, being what they are and the world what it is, there will be religions while men are. The ultimate question is whether there can be persisting religions without churches; whether a cult or creed can survive in a free religious society—a society that maintains no priesthood, imposes no conformities, uses no ecclesiastical police power, and has no place for property beyond satisfying the immediate needs of its own membership.

Mr. R. R. Bowker has brought out a curious and interesting "Book Lovers Map of America."[5] He calls it "a chart of certain landmarks of literary geography." It can be mounted for hanging or pinned upon the wall. It is intended to serve as "an inspiration to renewed reading." It was designed by Paul M. Paine and is printed in four colors. It measures 22x28 inches. Upon a map of the United States, with run-over into Canada and Mexico, are quaint designs and sometimes quaintly worded legends, locating great stories of America. Here "Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground," "Desk of Mark Twain, reporter," "Mrs. Wiggs' cabbages" and "the city of Porgy and Lady Baltimore" are samples of the locations. It may be the site of a story, it may be the birthplace of an author, it may be the scene of an incident—the pictures and titles refer to some 300 American books. The chart will not only inspire to renewed reading, it will add to the recalling of reading already done and add to the interest of reading in progress. Mr. Bowker has issued two other charts of somewhat the same character and by the same artist. One deals with "America's Making" (200 references to events in American history); the other is a "Map of Adventures" (150 drawings and titles).

The test idea develops. More and more use is made of set tests both for intelligence and achievement. A parcel of recent achievement tests has recently come in.[6] The "Brown-Woody Civics Test" is to see whether high school students have the necessary fundamentals. It examines for vocabulary, information and thinking. The "Orleans-Soloman Latin Prognosis Test" aims to determine whether the high-school student *should* study Latin. Well tested in the State of New York it claims to have demonstrated its value. Columbia University maintains a Research Bureau for devising and perfecting tests under the direction of Dr. Ben D. Wood. They serve for entrance examination and for college classes. Six have been issued and have given such satisfaction that others are in preparation. They are strictly objective and it is claimed that the results are far more satisfactory than those from the old subjective, essay-style, examination. They are, of course, much more easily and accurately judged and graded—a matter of real importance in these days when our higher schools are deluged with students.

FREDERICK STARR.

4. Why Religion? Horace M. Kallen. New York: 1927. Boni & Liveright. 8° pp. 316.

5. Booklover's Map of America. Paul M. Paine. New York: 1926. R. R. Bowker.

6. Brown-Woody Civics Test. Orleans-Solomon Latin Prognosis Test. Columbia Research Bureau Tests—English, Spanish, French, German, Plane Geometry, Physics. All from World Publishing Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson.

Correspondence

A Plebiscite on War

Editor of UNITY:

The timely and courageous suggestion of Ambassador Houghton for a plebiscite on the question of war has received the serious consideration it deserves because of the source whence it came. Though it has been previoussly suggested it has generally been regarded rather lightly as its sponsors have seldom, if ever, been prominent in the political arena.

The idea is a good one, though, like many another progressive proposal, it is flouted and derided as impracticable. The subject calls for wide discussion. Simple assertions of impracticability, without reasons, should carry no weight. Explicit reasons should be stated with the utmost clarity why it would not be practicable, as Mr. Jeremiah Smith averred, for such a plebiscite to be held. The cry "impracticable" and "impossible" has been heard countless times about things that later have proven to be both possible and of the greatest practical utility. Our republic was an experiment in government over which wise heads were shaken in doubt.

An unfamiliar idea does not readily become universal

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

GANDHI RELIEF FUND

UNITY has reported in recent issues the disastrous flood conditions prevailing in India. A fall of fifty inches of rain in four days over an area larger than Great Britain engulfed hundreds of villages, rendered over 500,000 people homeless, destroyed crops, cattle, and all means of livelihood. In Ahmedabad, Gandhi's home, over 5,000 houses were swept away and the people left destitute. Gandhi's famous school, the Ashram, was under water for days and all the buildings have been left in a precarious condition.

UNITY again appeals to its readers and friends for a Relief fund. Since our report in issue of October 10, showing a total of $169.00 contributed, there has been received in addition:

A Friend	$ 2.00
Anonymous	100.00
J. C. Goswami, New Orleans, La.	2.00

THE CURE FOR WAR TO BE DISCUSSED AT INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL CONGRESS

"Must We Have War?" will be the central theme of the Twelfth Annual International Goodwill Congress which is to be held in St. Louis on November 9th, 10th and 11th under the auspices of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches.

Among the speakers will be Henry Wickham Steed, Editor of the British Review of Reviews and formerly Editor of the London Times; Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War; Major General Henry T. Allen of Washington, D. C.; Professor James T. Shotwell, Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; Colonel Raymond Robins of Chicago, Vice-Chairman of the American Committee for Outlawry of War; Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, former President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Chancellor H. S. Hadley of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.; Most Reverend John J. Glennon, Archbishop, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. Joseph Wilson Cochran, Pastor of the American Church, Paris; Dr. William P. Merrill of New York, President of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches; Dr. Daniel A. Poling of New York, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor and Editor-in-Chief of the Christian Herald; Mrs. Edgerton Parsons of New York; Rev. Arthur Pringle of London, England; Dr. Timothy Lew of China; John A. Lapp of Chicago, Director of Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Council; Harvey Ingham, Editor of the Des Moines Register; President Donald J. Cowling, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.; Leo G. Griffith, Past State Deputy, Knights of Columbus, Pittsburgh; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of Overbrook, Pa.; Prof. Manley O. Hudson of Harvard College; Rabbi Louis Wolsey of Philadelphia; Prof. Yutaka Minakuchi of Japan, and Dr. S. D. Chown of Canada.

In the invitation announcement, it is stated that "The World Alliance welcomes to its platform men and women of unqualified sincerity in the cause of international goodwill and universal peace. Utmost liberty of utterance is encouraged, for the program is planned not only to appraise actual conditions throughout the world, but to promote various constructive methods for the development of international goodwill.

"To this Goodwill Congress are invited Officers, members of Boards, Corresponding and Regular, and all Committeemen of the World Alliance; Representatives of Church Board and affiliated religious organizations; Representatives of city, town and community groups; Representatives of civic, social and fraternal organizations, which have a particular interest in the theme under discussion, and special individuals who are of vital importance in carrying out the National program to be brought forward."

Among the features, which will include arbitration and conciliation, outlawry of war, and the reduction of armaments, will be a "Message of Appraisement" of actual world conditions to be presented by Henry Wickham Steed, and on Armistice Day, November 11th, Newton D. Baker will give the main address.

CALL TO THE FOURTEENTH CONVENTION, NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

Hotel Waldorf-Astoria
New York City

December 5th to 10th, 1927

It is with intense anticipation and interest that the President of the National Council of Women extends to the thirty-four member-organizations,

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and popular. Every individual will react to this proposal "up to his degree and quality of understanding." A certain liberality of outlook and intelligence of comprehension are essential in overcoming the deadly mental inertia consequent upon early or lifelong training along a one-track line of thought and those qualities are not always present or commensurate with keen intellectual activity in other directions.

Anyone who denounces this scheme should be made to state plainly his reasons for saying why it is not as practicable to vote for a policy as for a president. In voting for a president the populace votes for the principles and policies which the party platform announces. Many policies are embodied in a platform. These policies it is supposed the president stands for. If a citizen is qualified to vote for a bunch all at once, why not for one by itself? Certainly the decision of whether war or peace is preferred is not difficult for anyone to make!

It must be kept in mind that our country has had some controversies that might easily have led to armed conflict had reasons for peace not been more imperative than those for war. The Canadian boundary line and seal fisheries were matters that may properly be classed as involving "national honor and vital interests"—so generally quoted as beyond the pale of peaceful settlement—yet they were amicably arranged. Many difficulties of menacing portent in Europe have been settled since 1918, so that no reasonable argument can be brought against the succinct statement of the renowned post-war authority, Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., that, "There is no international dispute that cannot be solved in the council chamber. There is no international dispute that can be solved by war."

There is ample evidence to prove that, as Hon. Elihu Root has said, "War results from a state of mind," and that its cessation will result from the same cause and can be brought about whenever there is sufficient sincere desire for lasting peace. Certainly Mr. Houghton's address conveyed that idea from beginning to end.

Whatever the outcome, would it not be well that this plebiscite should be held? And since so many adults of voting age do not register and so many of those who do register do not get to the polls, it would seem advisable to arrange some way by which the opinion of every rational adult 21 years of age and over, should be expressed by ballot. Every ballot marked should have the name and address of the voter. The details of such a scheme could be easily worked out by officials appointed in each state for the task. Voters in favor of peaceful settlement of disputes would certainly not be ashamed to let their convictions be known while believers in war would be equally willing to voice their sentiments and should be the ones, of course, to be called upon in support of their government should any future crisis arise. Voters favoring peaceful negotiations for all disputes should be allowed to remain neutral. No coercion of opinion or compulsory military service should be tolerated in these United States whose boast is freedom of thought and speech. Mr. Houghton's feeling that the populace would register opposition to warfare was evident throughout his remarkable and statesmanlike address.

Possibly I have not interpreted Mr. Houghton's meaning correctly. It may be that his idea was to resort to a plebiscite in case of a special threatening war. I have understood his remarks to mean that a plebiscite should be held to ascertain the general sentiment of the populace on war as a system. So that, if a majority were opposed to warfare, the government would in future be obliged to settle all difficulties by peaceful procedures, thus conforming to the will of its people. It should always be remembered—to quote Mr. Houghton—that, "we know that the conditions which hitherto have led to war are the result of human volition and deliberate choice—not of the populations involved but of their governments."

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

Brookline, Mass.

their friends and supporters, the Call to our Fourteenth Convention.

At a time when sinister forces are endeavoring to create suspicion and antagonism between citizens of differing races and religious faiths, the National Council of Women of the United States has an important duty to fulfill in binding more closely the women of its many large and powerful organizations in order that they may see the possibilities of an association which, without interference in specific programs and activities offers a clearing house for a comparison of accomplishments and for the prevention of duplication of effort.

It is therefore my earnest hope, that recognizing as you do this important function of the Council, you will exert every effort, to further the arrangements for the attendance at this Convention, of the delegates permitted your organization, under the Council's Constitution and By-Laws. In addition, you will endeavor to interest others to attend the Convention and take advantage of its open sessions, where women will meet in an attitude of friendly fellowship, unhampered by religious or racial prejudices, to discuss topics of timely interest vitally concerning the future of our national life?

VALERIA H. PARKER, M. D.,
President.

TENTATIVE PROGRAM OUTLINE

December 5
10:00 A. M. Meeting of Executive Committee.
2:00 P. M. Meeting of Board of Directors.
8:15 P. M. Open Mass Meeting.
December 6-7-8-9
9:00 A. M. Business Sessions for delegates only.
2:15 P. M. Reports and Committee Programs.
4:30 P. M. Committee Round Tables for Discussion.
December 6
12:50 P. M. Pioneer Luncheon in memory of the Council Founders—1848-1888-1928.
8:15 P. M. Mass Meeting—Presidents' night.
December 7
8:15 P. M. Concert under auspices of National Federation of Music Clubs.
December 8 Banquet — International Program.
December 9 Mass Meeting — Address, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.
December 10
9:00 A. M. Meeting of Executive Board.
11:00 A. M. Meeting of Board of Directors.

DIGHTON CONFERENCE

An eminently worth-while "Conference on the Progress of Religious Thinking" was held at Dighton, Mass., from Monday to Friday, September 12th to 16th. Inspired by brief discussions during the May meetings of the American Unitarian Association, several ministers agreed that they would meet when they could spend more time together in informal conversation.

Eleven men met and talked books, theism and humanism, methods of study and all the rest of the jargon familiar to men of the cloth. It was agreed that another conference next year should take up social questions. Frankness was the order of the day, and fellowship, understanding and sympathy were important results accruing.

The Rev. G. L. Thompson, minister of the Unitarian Church in Dighton, acted as convener. With all the differences discovered between theist and humanist, socialist and republican, it was discovered that no man's politics or religion was conservative. The theism was not that of a man who believed God to be Almighty; he had a task fully up to his capacities; sympathy with the humanist was expressed. Not a man believed that "God is a republican and Calvin Coolidge is his prophet." There was liberalism all along the line, with insistence that philosophy of religion be made to work in society's affairs.

ERNEST CALDECOTT.

An Ode to a Fly

Don't be discouraged, poor little fly,
You'll be a chipmunk by and by;
Ages later, I can see,
You'll be a full-grown chimpanzee.
Next I see, with a prophet's ken
You'll take a place in the ranks of men;
And then, in the great sweet by and by—
Why should I swat you, dear little fly?—
We'll be angels, you and I—
Prospective chum of my home on high,
This is what Darwin says—not I.

—*Bible Crusader.*

Gas Masks

According to last reports there were 3,675 U. S. Marines on duty in China. It was announced from Washington that five thousand gas masks to equip marines in China were sent from army stores in the Philippines to Shanghai.

—*Pax International.*

The Homebody

There are mountains above the valley,
But here, across
The shoulders of boulders, is spreading
A cloak of moss.
Some folks keep their eyes on mountains
And cannot see
How lovely are velvet mosses
On rock and tree.

—*May Williams Ward.*
Nautilus.

OCTOBER

Marks the possibility of real savings in Autumn and Winter wardrobes. For through the use of this Service many previously worn garments—of men, women and children—may be recovered to further usefulness and good appearance. Fine equipment, experience and skill combine towards making our cleansing so dependable.

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Cleaners Dyers
PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS
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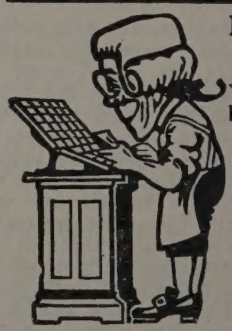
Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars



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